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## Some of the Best Illinois High School Prose of 1952

Selected by MARGARET NEWMAN

Elgin High School

Such a wealth of fine material this year! How best can we select from it? Shall we use one long or three or four short selections? Shall we try to find the best of each general type of prose or shall we "let the type fall where it may"? Shall we emphasize the serious, the thoughtful (some of the writing very maturely developed); or shall we choose pieces more on the average high school level of interest, perhaps with a real spark of originality and often with clever humor?

Try to answer these questions, and perhaps you will come up with the answer we did — a little of each! Because of limited space, the honorable mention list is long; it, too, could have been longer.

We particularly appreciated your having most of your entries typed (and in double-space) and your getting them in early, with the proper identification. It helped, too, to have you cut down your number of entries by doing more of the selecting yourselves.

Thank you for your interest. We just hope that these issues of the *Bulletin* continue to do what some of you have so kindly said they do and what your selections seem to indicate — create an enhanced interest in writing on the part of your students.

Please start now to make your selections for next year's issue.

Additional copies of this *Bulletin*, in lots of ten or more, are available at twenty cents each, from J. N. Hook, 121 Lincoln Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Single copies are twenty-five cents.

## THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

by

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

## A Book Review

Ernest Hemingway's latest book, *The Old Man and the Sea*, is a simple story of ". . . an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish." During the first forty days a boy had been with him. But because the old man was ". . . definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, . . ." the boy's parents had ordered him to another more fortunate boat. The old man, nevertheless, daily sailed from the Cuban shore, looking for a catch. Not only did he have to show the boy that he was a good fisherman, but also he had a reputation to live up to. On the eighty-fifth day, he ventured far into the Stream, and by afternoon had hooked a giant marlin. He fought and struggled with this great fish for two days and two nights. Finally, though nearly finished himself, he was triumphant and headed for home with the enormous body lashed to the side of his skiff. But, ironically, before he could reach shore, sharks attacked his prize and left only a stripped skeleton.

Principally a story of character, *The Old Man and the Sea* presents a splendid portrayal of the old man's life — its victories and its defeats. The old man lived in a shack ". . . made of the tough bud-shields of the royal palm . . . and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal." Yet his life was not dull or sad. As a boy, he had sailed to Africa; and every night now he lived along the coast, and in his dreams he saw lions on the beach. Moreover, he was a great baseball fan, and the "great Dimaggio" was his hero because the two had something in common. The old man was handicapped by his age and by hand cramps. The famous ball player was handicapped by a bone spur; but in spite of his handicap Dimaggio kept fighting and achieved greatness. In him, the old man found a sort of encouragement to endure his travail. "I must have confidence," he thought while battling the marlin, "and I must be worthy of the great Dimaggio who does all things perfectly even with the pain of the bone spur in his heel." The old man had many admirable qualities — perseverance, patience, humility, understanding, love of life. "Fish, I'll stay with you until I am dead," he once said aloud, and under overwhelming odds he did. Although his left hand was cramped and the line had cut both palms, he held on until he wore

out the marlin. The old man also had a love and admiration for nature. He respected his foe as an individual, and more than once he pitied the fish and spoke to him. Even after he had killed the marlin, the old man fought dauntlessly to ward off the hungry sharks. What had been his foe now became his treasure, and the old man gave what strength he had left to protect it. When his harpoon sank with the first shark, he lashed his knife blade to one of the oars and fought with it. He lost this weapon too, but as more sharks appeared, he desperately beat them off with a broken oar. He knew the fight was useless, though; the sharks had won. Their victory might seem a defeat for the old man, "but man is not made for defeat," he said. "A man can be destroyed but not defeated."

Hemingway's highly realistic novel is a story of struggle, of the undisputable courage of the aged fisherman against unconquerable natural laws. He tells it in such a way that the reader himself battles the fish with the old man, feels every tug and pull on the line, experiences every pain. *The Old Man and the Sea* gives every indication that Hemingway is indeed thoroughly familiar with his subject. He has lived for many years in Cuba and has often experienced the difficult techniques of deep sea fishing. Using a strict word economy, he has shaped this understanding into a 27,000 word novel. Yet it should perhaps be called a novella, for somewhat unconventional for a novel it has but one plot, one chief character, and a short time lapse. Hemingway's style is simple but effective. Many of his sentences and even whole paragraphs have a freshness about them that is rarely found in modern literature. Throughout the story are numerous concrete details. "He was bright in the sun and his head and back were dark purple and in the sun the stripes on his sides showed wide and a light lavender. His sword was as long as a baseball bat and tapered like a rapier and he rose his full length from the water and then reentered it, smoothly, like a diver and the old man saw the great scythe-blade of his tail go under and the line commenced to race out." And fitting the simplicity of the story, Hemingway uses a common and unadorned language. To add local color, he uses a number of rich, pleasant-sounding Spanish words.

If you have not read *The Old Man and the Sea*, you have a pleasant evening in store for you. It is my opinion that not soon will you forget the tragic story of the old man and his struggle with the giant marlin.

RICHARD MERTENS, Maine Twp. H. S., '53  
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

## HALL OF FAME

When I first became a baseball fan, I knew that one of the most interesting places for a baseball fan to visit was the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York. Although my parents are not exactly what you would call rabid baseball fans, I persuaded them to spend some time at Cooperstown, New York, and of course, the Hall of Fame. It proved to be so interesting that even my parents enjoyed it.

The idea of the Hall of Fame was originated when Stephen C. Clark found an antique baseball in a trunk in his attic, and decided to display it along with other baseball objects in the Village Club. This exhibition attracted so much attention that the idea of a National Baseball Museum came into being. Many sports figures sent contributions and priceless relics to give the Hall of Fame a start. It was opened in 1935 and was the first museum in America devoted to a sport.

As you enter the building, you see plaques on the wall of the main floor. These plaques are made of bronze on each of which is inscribed the player's record beneath a likeness of his head. Each of the members of the Hall of Fame has a plaque in this building. In the center of the main floor are show cases which contain mementos of famous baseball players. On the second and third floors are pictures and paintings of famous baseball incidents and trophies won by famous baseball players.

When we were there, the Babe Ruth Plaza was under construction. This building, now complete, contains all of Babe Ruth's mementos including his famous New York Yankee uniform which made "3" a legendary number in baseball.

Each year sports writers and prominent baseball men decide by vote whether there are any additional baseball figures worthy of being members in the Hall of Fame.

Within a short distance is Doubleday Field where Abner Doubleday invented, and where was first played, the game of baseball. This field is used once a year for a game between two Big League teams. The proceeds from this game go into the players' pension fund.

Cooperstown is a mecca for all baseball fans. I thoroughly enjoyed it and would like to visit it again.

BARRY DRIGGS, Bloomington H. S., '53  
May English, teacher

## FLIGHT FROM COMMUNISM — AN INTERVIEW

"I escaped from behind the Iron Curtain," revealed German exchange student Ingeborg ("Inga") Horst, senior.

Inga's "inside-the-Iron-Curtain" experiences began after the war, when the zoning of Germany placed her home in Russian territory. During her three-year stay in that zone, she studied the Russian language. "It's difficult," she remarked, "because of the strange-sounding words. A double-jointed tongue might help."

While living in the Russian sector, Inga noticed a large number of propaganda signs and posters. "At first glance, they appeared to have good intentions," she explained, "but when read carefully their real meaning was apparent."

In a daring, escape-fiction adventure Inga and her mother fled from East Germany. Under the cover of darkness, they crept through a dense forest to the border line, where Russian guards lay hidden in foxholes. Avoiding the guards, Inga and her mother made their way across the deep trench and over the barbed-wire fence that separate East Germany from the free world.

Going to Lubeck, a city in the British zone, they met Inga's father, who had escaped earlier. It was in a Lubeck newspaper that she first learned of the exchange student program. Thinking this might be her only opportunity to come to America, she decided to apply. After a series of questionnaires and personal interviews, she and three other students were selected from a group of 80.

Arriving in America August 17, she was welcomed into a Lombard family. Two weeks later, she climbed Honeysuckle Hill for the first time.

"Glenbard is a wonderful school," smiled Inga. She especially likes the chance to choose her own subjects and to take courses such as typing and foods, which are not taught in German schools.

"Football here is rougher than in Germany," she explained, "but it's much more interesting because of the spectator enthusiasm and pep."

"Yes, America is a wonderful country," beamed Inga, "but I shall enjoy returning to Germany next summer and telling my family and friends all about my experiences here." Inga's future plans include attending Heidelberg University, where she will major in languages.

SANDY LINDBLOM, Glenbard Twp. H. S., Glen Ellyn, '53  
Helen McConnell, teacher

## ELSIE, THE BORDEN BOVINE, COWERS WHILE UDDERING TALES OF A-MOOSING PROBLEMS

Elsie the Borden Cow may be the cream of the dairy crop, but she is just a "moo-dest" barn-wife to all who know her.

To "meet" the brown-eyed bovine, I recently talked to Mr. Robert Mills, Elsie's Chicago sales production manager. With Mr. Mills as interpreter, Elsie gave me a gracious "hayllo" and introduced her family.

Hubby Elmer's grumpy greeting was completely contrasted by the friendly smiles of Elsie's two children, Beulah, 13, and Beauregard, 5. "Elmer's just moo-dy today," his wife apologized. "He certainly doesn't help my efforts to give the calves normal lives in spite of all the publicity about the family.

"Beulah's high-school education, for instance, has been a real difficulty," Elsie continued. "You see, since our new slogan is 'All aboard! All a-Borden's,' Beulah must be well Trained and know how to Conduct herself. She's tutored, so of course she can't cud a class, but she misses the informality of a high-school cafeteria."

Beauregard, according to his mother, presents no such schooling problems. He has games — Parchees-i or Moosical chairs — to keep him occupied on the almost constant trips from the home-farm near New York City.

Actually, Elsie and Co. have traveled to almost every major city in the nation, in addition to many county fairs and stock shows. Elsie herself has gone more miles by Railway Express than any other being, human or otherwise. Once, to prove she was no coward, she even went up in an airplane as part of a war bond publicity campaign.

Elsie was introduced to the public at the New York World's Fair in 1939. Before that time, she had been simply "You'll Do Lobelia," a beautiful cow on one of the Borden farms. For the Fair, however, she was re-christened "Elsie the Borden Cow," her name coming from the caption under a cow's picture in a medical journal.

Eleven years later, at the Chicago Fair, Elsie's prestige had advanced considerably. She was accompanied by Elmer and Beauregard, whom she charmed by using her own special "cowsmetics."

However, in her tours this year Elsie won't let Elmer go along. "He makes me nervous and bothered," she confessed; "I guess I'm a temperamental 'lactress.' I want Beauregard to go with me, though," she commented, as the calf pricked up his large, soft ears upon hearing his name.

"Every time I say 'Beauregard' he's interested," Elsie laughed. "He must realize that his name was worth \$10,000 to the woman from Texas who thought it up and won the Borden contest.

"This little fellow isn't conceited, though," Elsie added, smoothing down her son's cowlick. "Our whole family realizes that we owe our success to Borden's — and to all their udder fine cows."

BETSY DU BOIS, Evanston Twp. H. S., '53  
Clarence Hach, teacher

### SHADOWS

Shadows creep slowly across the bright sunlit lawn. Lengthening shadows cover the happy carefree children, the workmen coming home from work, the housewife scurrying to fix dinner after a late bridge party, the rich, the poor, the happy, the sad, the tragic. Shadows of bare branches and thin arms wave weirdly across the snow-covered lawn in the moonlight. And just as physical shadows drown the world in darkness, so do mental shadows drown the world in ignorance and hate.

Another "restricted" country club is opened, another thick black veil blankets the candles of truth and happiness, and another light is extinguished. Another parent poisons the pure mind of childhood with "Don't touch him; the black will rub off." And the shadows lengthen.

Just as no one escapes the dusk that follows the sunlight, so no one escapes the effect of a single candle in the fight for truth when it is snuffed out.

Another football team refuses to play a team with a Negro, and a cape of darkness shrouds a candle and snuffs it out with a flick of the wrist.

A child shouts, "Wish my dad was a Sheeny" and is answered with a stone; and a woman says, "She's nice, but a little 'kikish'"; and in another home a housewife says knowingly, "He's all right, but imagine going with a Catholic." And the shadows lengthen.

And just as day must follow night, just as noon must follow morning and the shadows shrink and disappear, so right must follow wrong and truth must follow ignorance.

A colored girl walks down the street arm in arm with a white girl, and a colored girl is chosen queen of homecoming at a great Midwestern university, and a hundred lights blaze anew and the horrible shadow of ignorance recedes.

A Jewish youth group is invited to join a youth council for better interfaith relations and more lights blaze anew. A Jewish woman refrains from saying "He's a M.O.T." about a Jewish comedian, and some of the partly self-imposed Ghetto wall falls and its shadows withdraw.

Instead of saying "He's not bad for a nigger," a boy says, "He's an all-right guy"; and instead of saying "I jewed him down," he says, "I talked him into a lower price" — and just as when the sun climbs higher in the sky, the shadows shrink. When these things are said, truth and understanding climb higher and the darkness of narrow little minds shrinks.

The Declaration of Independence shows a belief that all men are created equal, and so said Lincoln and many who came before and after Lincoln, and so God Himself must have said.

And some day all the shadows of the earth will recede and "all men are created equal" will come out of the shadows hiding bronze plaques and live in the sunlight of men's minds.

MILLIE BLITT, Moline H. S., '54  
Marjorie Adele Hendee, teacher

### THE ROMANCE OF SPICES

I love spices. . . . I love spices not only because they make my food taste better, but because they have in them all the appeal of the mysterious Orient. It was the hope that men might find these rare herbs that sent them all over the world, discovering new lands. Columbus discovered a new continent because of them.

Cinnamon, pepper, nutmeg, ginseng — even the names smack of adventure and conjure up caravans of sleepy-eyed camels, nut-brown men with scowling countenances and scrubby black beards, flowing white burnooses, white marble cities ruled by omnipotent sultans in fabulous splendor! I see tall galleons sailing a sapphire sea and minarets flashing in the sunlight. I hear the tinkle of wind-bells in a Chinese temple, the cry of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer, the shush of the limpid willows embracing a stream. Spices are truly romantic.

MICHAEL J. HOLQUIST, West H. S., Rockford, '54  
Maude E. Weinschenk, teacher

### THANK YOU, GOD

This is the time of the year when most of us stuff ourselves with turkey, and forget about the true meaning of Thanksgiving. We wish and hope for more money to buy things and never stop to count the many wonderful things that God has given to us to enjoy. That is why I want to take time to thank you, God, for some of your wonderful gifts which you have bestowed upon the earth.

Thank you, God, for the sky; because when I look at the sky at sunset, with its beautiful pink, blue, and golden colors, I know it is lovelier than any picture painted by man.

Thank you, God, for the snow and rain. I like the rain because of the changes it brings about in growing plants and flowers in the summertime, and because I like to lie in bed and listen to the sound it makes when it strikes the roof and window panes. I like the snow, which is far lovelier than the rain, because it is soft and silent and covers the ground, making a world of white. Snow is one of your most beautiful works of art. I love the sight of trees with icicles hanging glistening in the sun. I love to see the snow, white and deep and untouched, covering everything. I know that cleaning sidewalks is a lot of trouble and that sometimes snow is messy; but its first beauty pays for all that a hundred times over.

I want to thank you, God, for the trees. They are magic themselves. Just to watch them change from season to season is a wondrous sight. In the spring I love to watch the buds burst into the green leaves of summer; and in the fall I always feel a little sad to see the radiantly colored leaves fall to the earth to become dry, lifeless, and brown. But then I feel happy to think that with your help they will be back again next year.

I haven't thanked you, God, for very many of your wonderful sights, I know; but I hope that even this small bit of writing will let you know that I thank you, God, for all your gifts.

SUSAN POLLOCK, Frankfort Comm. H. S., '54  
Alice Grant, teacher

### SHE IS A TYRANT

She is more terrible than all the villains in storybooks put together. She is more cunning than any teacher ever tried to be. She is a tyrant, a vicious, unscrupulous dictator. People obey her

to the letter or they become social outcasts. She even tells them what they should wear and when they should wear it. She has authority over the President, the Army, and the Navy; everyone obeys her — yes, even you. She makes you do things you don't like. She prevents you from saying some things and makes you say other things. Her name is in the newspapers every day. There is no escaping her. You will live by her rules the rest of your life.

She is Emily Post.

RONALD SCHAEFFER, Melvin-Sibley H. S., '56  
Mrs. Joan Walter, teacher

### KINGDOM IN THE LOWLANDS

As I placed my little snake Whipper in the grass, I noticed he wasn't too lively. I was worried. But after a few minutes in the warm sun he moved. First his little forked tongue darted to and fro about him. Next his little head lifted. He stopped first at the tips of the grass and surveyed his surroundings. The sunlight danced over his gleaming body, and his colors were beautiful. The black seemed to turn to deep blue, and the yellow seemed almost like tears of gold tumbling down his back. He was beautiful slipping along through the green grass.

I watched him travel through the grass as if being drawn by a magic string. He would stop now and then, listen, dart out his tiny pitchfork tongue, then wriggle off in another direction. Time after time I watched him till he was nearly out of sight; then I'd get up and get closer to him so that I wouldn't miss a move.

He could get into spaces without moving anything so that each time it was hard to believe he had been there.

Always when I went to place him back in the box, all I had to do was put my finger under his jaw and he'd crawl up my arm and around my wrist about four or five times. He'd be so quiet that anyone would think he was a bracelet.

Watching Whipper enjoy himself in his own green world, I decided that I had no right to keep his beauty imprisoned; so I let him curl around my wrist and, hopping on my bike, I rode off to his native surroundings, the marshy lowlands.

Reluctantly I placed him in the grass. As I watched him get his bearings as he'd done many other times, I knew that here was where he belonged. This time I would let him go. The sunlight played over his disappearing body so that I could still see the gold streaks on his back. Then I caught a last glimpse of him. He was

on top of a small log, and he was looking at me as if he knew I didn't want to let him go. Then the log was bare. No more Whipper!

ALLEN RUSSELL, Morton Twp. H. S., Cicero, '53  
Marjorie Diez, teacher

## GEARS AND RAINBOWS

When conversation lagged at dinner, I grabbed the opportunity to bring up a subject that was worrying me.

"We have to write an essay on family relations," I said. "They're sort of indefinite, aren't they?"

"Family relations are intangible, clear, like beautiful things you can see and hear, but can't put your finger on," said Mom.

"I think our family relations are more realistic than that," said Dad. "Ours are as definite as geared mechanism."

"Well, what are family relations?" I asked. Music and machinery seemed far apart to me.

Dad stirred his coffee for a long time and then remarked, "It seems to me that family relations is quite a mature subject for a juvenile essay."

"I don't know how to begin this assignment," I said. "It's not defined in the dictionary and I can't find it in the encyclopedia. Please say what you think it is. I've got to work on it tonight. You first, Mom."

"Well," said Mom, "to me family relationship is a divine thing, a rainbow. Each personality is blended into the others so that the whole becomes one beautiful, harmonious composition."

"I think of it as being more concrete than that," said Dad. "To me, family relations is a structure that each family builds from solid blocks of comradeship, gratitude, and generosity. These are strongly cemented together with a mixture of perseverance, alertness, honesty, pride, and constructive criticism. The foundation is justice, the hearthstone is devotion, and the roof is shingled with tolerance."

Gears and rainbows, beautiful intangible things and structures built of fine ideas didn't give me much of an idea for an essay. But it made me feel proud of my parents and glad we belonged to each other.

ROGER ZIMMERMAN, Decatur H. S., '53  
Eleanor Wyne, teacher

## ON MODERN EDUCATION

The American concept of education is being distorted and degraded by the American's quest for financial power. This is not the basic problem, for it is only the outgrowth of other attitudes. If we are going to judge individuals solely, or even primarily, on the basis of their economic success, if all our goals are to be set at that level and no higher, then it follows that our concern with education will be limited to its ability to contribute to these goals. Fortunately, there have been persons who could conceive life as more than an economic struggle and thus conceive education as more than a tool to be used in achieving a high-paying position. Many people still think in these higher terms. The disturbing fact is that they are not, in any sense, a majority and that their number seems to be decreasing rather than increasing.

In a small midwestern town there was a boy who possessed an exceptionally brilliant mind as well as an outstanding character and personality. He graduated from high school with honors and went away to an Eastern liberal arts school, carrying with him everyone's vote as the "Most Likely to Succeed." Approaching his courses with zest and his other activities with equal vigor, he obtained an outstanding education by any standards and was ready to launch upon a career in law. But suddenly he was struck down by an automobile and killed instantly.

"What a pity," his townsmen cried, "that this promising young man should die so soon and that *all his wonderful education is wasted!*" Education wasted? That is one view. Another is that his education, *in itself*, was something wonderful and rewarding, and that there is no better way in which this boy could have spent his limited number of years.

In a book entitled "The Unwilling God," novelist-teacher Percy Marks has a character who was a football player with a Phi Beta Kappa mind. This boy had an intellectual curiosity that made courses fascinating. The author says of him: "He was avid with curiosity and wanted more than he could get, but in wanting it, in knowing what he wanted, and in knowing that it existed for him to want, he came to college with a point of view that is *as rare as it is admirable.*" Yes, the viewpoint that says "I want to know because I enjoy knowing" is indeed rare. We have defended and upheld everyone's right to the "pursuit of happiness," but for the most part we have lost sight of the "happiness of pursuit."

Nevertheless, it is neither surprising nor alarming that more people are not interested in knowledge for the sake of its own value.

Such individuals have always been "rare as well as admirable." They are particularly rare in a nation which emphasizes action, which has little use for anything which does not have a definite, an obvious, and an immediate application.

It is disturbing, however, that too few are interested in knowledge for the sake of self-improvement and world-improvement. "I want to know because of what the knowledge will make me in the way of a personality." This is another viewpoint of education, one which should, by rights, be predominant.

Poise, power, peace, and freedom have been described as the four marks of an educated person. Naturally, then, we would expect them to be the goals of those who are supposedly "getting an education." Instead, almost everyone seems to be striving toward only one of these marks — power — and even that in its very narrowest conception.

The person who uses his education as a vital tool in making himself a better person has found a significant meaning in education. It becomes even more significant to the person who recognizes the role that education can and must play in improving our world and the responsibilities which he has to the world as one who has had the opportunity for education.

Preparation for a career, specific preparation, is one of the aims of advanced education. But it is not the only aim, and education cannot justify itself on that ground alone. Knowledge for the sake of its inherent value, knowledge for the sake of what I can become in the way of a person, and knowledge for the sake of what I can make: these are the three angles from which we can look at education. All three have a place. However, the least important has become the primary one, and in too many minds the only one.

DAVID CARL, Maine Twp. H. S., '53  
Anne Lauterbach, teacher

## FORCE AND PEACE

Music is the strongest spiritual force for good or evil in the world. It has the power to excite, to inspire, to relax, to hypnotize, to sadden, to exhilarate.

Soft, flowing melody calms the jangled nerves of laborers in crowded, noisy factories, and soothes the dangerously insane into manageability; the incessant, mystic rhythm of the savage's drums can throw him into a fanatical, sometimes criminal, frenzy. A tearful ballad or a joyous hymn can convert the listener to its mood.

History provides many examples of music's power to influence individuals in their decisions.

When Europe was beginning to awake to the realization of social injustice, Mozart's opera, "The Magic Flute," fostered the seeds of revolution. Wagner's music fascinated Hitler almost to the point of hypnosis, and to him it represented the superiority of the German Race. During that same period, Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" became a symbol of victory to the English people and gave them hope when it seemed as if they would most surely be defeated.

Music can bring enlightenment and hope or oppression and evil to the world. If used wisely, music can do much for the cause of world peace.

ESTELLE WHELAN, Jacksonville H. S., '53  
Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

### WHY THE SKY IS BLUE

Once upon a time, high up in the royal heavens there lived a royal scribe, who kept the royal books of his royal highness the king.

One day when the royal scribe was in the royal writing room, at the royal writing table, writing in the royal books in royal blue ink, the royal cat, whose duty was to chase the royal mice, came in. He scampered to the shiny top of the royal writing table and knocked over the large bottle of royal ink, and the royal ink spilled all over the royal heavens. And because the royal heavens were so large, they became only a light royal blue because the royal ink had to spread so far.

The royal king (bless his royal soul) was so pleased with the royal blue heavens that he promoted the royal scribe to be head royal scribe.

IONE VETTER, University H. S., '55  
Ruth Stroud, teacher

### CHILDHOOD FRIEZE

I just saw a little boy and a little brown dog walk by. Not the way grown people walk, tall and sedate, but the way a child walks, stopping now and then to examine some object of great interest such as a worm, or a butterfly, or a bird's egg, or just to feel the warm earth on his hands and face, or to lie and talk on the cool, clean grass under a tree. You know, boys and dogs do talk, and they tell things to each other that no one else will ever know.

And as I watched these two, I thought of another pair just like

them, only those faces had names. I remembered how they were always together, not just a boy and his dog, but also a dog and his boy, for they belonged to each other.

It's funny, but while you're a part of something you never know it for what it is; but when you're gone and can only look back on it, it appears in a new light and with a new significance. For the first time, I saw what a wonderful thing my two friends had possessed and what a precious little oasis they formed in the wilderness of our noisy, busy, grown-up world. Where else can such complete love and loyalty be found on earth? How many other friends would gladly give even their lives for each other, or without a thought of doing differently, forgive the greatest hurt?

The little boy's grown now, thinking mature thoughts. The little dog is probably long forgotten. But, in my heart, they'll always be the same inseparable pair; and whenever the problems get too big, or the worries come too fast, I can take out this little picture and remember for a moment and know that somewhere there is still something pure, and sweet, and very real.

MARY LOU OGLEVEE, Sterling Twp. H. S., '53  
Mary B. Harris, teacher

## EZEKIEL

Ezekiel was sitting on a lily pad right in the middle of a small lake. He was happily sunning himself. Now Ezekiel was a frog, but he was very different from most frogs because he wore a white shirt, a yellow tie with purple polka dots, and a red velvet vest, black pants, and great big green shoes. All of Ezekiel's friends called him Zeke.

After a while Zeke blinked his huge eyes and looked around. He saw a beautiful pale green lady frog named Izabel sunning herself at the edge of the lake. He took a mighty leap for the shore, but alas, he landed on his back! This frightened Izabel, the lady frog, and she jumped into the water.

There Zeke lay on the shore all alone, moaning softly; poor little Zeke in his white shirt, his yellow tie with purple polka dots, his red velvet vest, his black pants, and his great big green shoes!

Now Billy, the beetle, heard poor Zeke's moaning, and he scurried to the place where Zeke lay. But poor little Billy was too small to turn the frog over. He wasn't any help to the frog at all. Suddenly Billy had an idea. Off he hurried through the grass, around a rock, and over a clump of dirt to find someone who would be big enough

to help Zeke. By and by he came to a cottage, and on the porch steps sat a little yellow-haired boy playing with his sailboat.

"I'll crawl up the little boy's leg so I can talk to him about Zeke," thought the beetle.

And so he did, but the little boy screamed and shook Billy off. Billy ran away as fast as he could.

He hustled through the grass, around a rock, and over a clump of dirt, and found Father. He was putting a line on his fishing pole. Billy wanted to tell him about his friend Zeke who wore a white shirt, a yellow tie with purple polka dots, a red velvet vest, black pants, and great big green shoes. So he climbed up his shoe, then his pants leg, then his shirt, and finally got to his shirt collar, but then Father brushed him off and stamped on the spot where he thought Billy landed. Billy was too fast, and Father missed him.

By this time the little beetle was quite frightened and almost ready to give up. But the thought of his friend's sad state kept him going on and on.

Again he went through the grass, around a rock, over a clump of dirt, and at last he saw Grandma. Now Grandma was a very kind old woman, and she loved all animals, bugs, and everything in this beautiful world, and especially a little frog who wore a white shirt, a yellow tie with purple polka dots, a red velvet vest, black pants, and great big green shoes. When she felt Billy climbing up her leg, she didn't flick him off, she just gently lifted him onto the palm of her hand. And what's more she understood what Billy was saying when he told her about poor Zeke's problem. She and Billy hurried to the place where Zeke was. Rather, Grandma hurried, because Billy rode in the palm of Grandma's hand.

Then they found Zeke, all muddy in his white shirt, his yellow tie with purple polka dots, his red velvet vest, his black pants, and his great big green shoes. Grandma put Billy down and then she gently turned Zeke over. Zeke sat there for a moment blinking his great eyes. Then he croaked a thank you to Grandma and Billy, and took a mighty leap, and landed right side up this time, on the lily pad. And there he sat happily sunning himself. Grandma turned and walked back to the cottage, very happy because she had been of help to the frog who was different from all other frogs because he wore a white shirt, a yellow tie with purple polka dots, a red velvet vest, black pants, and great big green shoes. But Billy stayed where he was by the edge of the lake and rested his poor tired legs and body.

JOAN SCHWULST, Bloomington H. S., '53  
Lorraine Kraft, teacher

## THE WEAVER OF THE JIHAD

The morning sun bathed the minarets of the mosque of Jamaa al Zeituna in warm golden light as the muadhdhin climbed the narrow stairs to call the faithful to prayer. "And Lo, the Hunter of the Fast has caught the Sultan's turret in a noose of light." The Palais de Justice was stained a crimson red as if foreboding the thing that was this day to happen. In the Palais de la Residence Resident General's secretary was from his bath tending to the routine matters and waiting for the Resident General to arise at his usual noon hour. Outside, the bells around the neck of the donkey of Ahmed, the deaf peddler, tinkled merrily as Ahmed attempted to hurry him to the market place with his usual load of charcoal before the sun found its way down into the narrow, filthy streets of the native quarter. The click, clack of the loom of Ali Hassin Pasha, the weaver, never ceased as he nodded his usual good morning to Ahmed.

Ali had been weaving for almost two hours now in the cool of the morning so that he would not have quite so much to do later when the scorching Tunisian sun slowed life almost to a standstill. As Ali's son came down from his humble home over the shop, the wailing cries of the muadhdhin pierced the cool morning air, summoning the faithful to prayer. The click, clack of the loom stopped as Omar reached the bottom of the stairs. He knelt on the prayer rug beside his father, facing Mecca and reciting the sacred verses of the Koran. As the muadhdhin's cries again sounded over the city, Ali got up and went back to his loom. Omar bade his father farewell and set out on the same route as deaf Ahmed had only a few moments before.

As Ali watched him go, he could not help feeling proud of his son Omar. He was a handsome boy, not yet twenty, but with the strength of a full-grown man. Was he not attending the university, and would he not one day be the best lawyer in all Tunis? He would not be a humble weaver like his father. No, Ali had seen to that! The time he spent weaving those extra feet of cloth would not be wasted. The name Omar Hassin Pasha would be one all Tunis would remember. Ali was content in knowing that his loom was weaving a better life for his son.

The friendly click, clack of the loom faded quickly as Omar hurried down the narrow, dirty street on his way to the university. The braying donkeys and the barking dogs all added to the jumbled confusion of sound. Omar didn't notice the haggling of the hungry, thieving people. They had been like this too long for Omar to

notice. The filth, disease, and poverty were part of their everyday life. He was aware of the depth to which his people had fallen, or been pushed; but there was no use feeling sorry for oneself. Other things worked better than self-pity, and Omar knew this.

Omar wanted to reach school early in order to get in on the friendly little discussions held between the students before classes began. The usual topics were the French, independence, and capitalism versus communism. Like most Tunisians, Omar resented French rule. As is true of most so-called colonial people, they resented foreign rule. Omar favored the Nationalist party which was working, like the Communists, for the end of the French rule.

When Omar reached the building which housed Sadiki University, he knew immediately that something was wrong. All the students were gathered around in a tight circle, to all appearances completely silent. He pushed his way through the crowd to see what was causing the disturbance. In the center of the circle was the high Imam from the Mosque of Jamaa al Zeituna, several officials from the palace of the Bey, and nearly all the professors of the University. One of the officials from the Bey's Palace was speaking in low tones. Omar couldn't hear much, but he could hear enough to tell what had happened. The night before, the French had arrested the leaders of the Nationalist Party. The French had betrayed the men who were trying to work out the problems of Tunisia peacefully along democratic lines. The party was outlawed. No more meetings were to be held. The Nationalists were being treated the same as the Communists had been treated. Omar was stunned! The last scrap of faith he had in France was gone.

"Maybe the Communists were right after all. Maybe the French would never get out unless they were pushed." All these thoughts and many more raced through Omar's brain. Around him other persons reacted in the same way. The stunned mumbling of the throng began and grew into terrified, disillusioned shouting. In the center of the circle, the high Imam signaled for silence. His face was flushed and his hands shook, but he spoke in firm tones.

"The French have dealt us a treacherous blow. How long are we to endure such suffering? We have to prove that the infidel French dogs are no better than we. We are the descendants of ancient Carthage. The very name of Carthage struck terror in the heart of the greatest nation the world has ever known. Do we have the protection of Allah? Now is the time to avenge our many wrongs. The sword of Islam has probed the bosom of France before, and this time it shall find the heart! All over enslaved Africa our

brothers will rise with us. There will be a great Jihad, the Holy War, that will drive the infidels into the sea and make Islam reign supreme." At this the crowd screamed its approval. Over to one side, the ever-ready Communist banners appeared as if from nowhere. With blood-curdling cries of "Jihad," the mob swarmed to these, like pirates to booty.

The procession jolted forward through the narrow, dirty streets and into the market place. There it was joined by angry farmers and irate townspeople. Then on it surged, like a mighty flood of men. Every sidestreet was a tributary of this mighty flood which rolled on under banners which only yesterday were more hated than the French.

Omar could not help feeling proud. To him, the lazy townspeople looked like the legions of once proud Carthage, resurrected to right the wrongs done to their descendants. Through his eyes the dirty, uneducated Berbers from the country looked like the armies of Islam. At this moment the shouting, sweating, shoving mob of motley, thieving Tunisians were knights. This was Jihad!

The flood raced unchecked past the Dar-el-Bey and up to the Palais de Justice where the prisoners were to be tried. There the human flood stopped and stood menacingly. Over loud-speakers unperturbed legionnaires ordered the mob to disperse. Here was a handful of impudent legionnaires giving orders to the Armies of Islam! Omar had been swept by the flood up to the gates of the Palace. In the rear, well-organized Communists prodded the flood forward. The cries of "Jihad," which started in the rear, swept through the flood like rolling, groaning thunder. As if this were a signal, the flood again surged forward.

A cool, precise French officer shouted an order, and an American-made machine gun rattled fiercely. The flood, the Armies of Islam, the legions of Carthage stopped, amazed, hurt, and then disappeared like water before the Sahara's sun. The few crumpled forms that lay in front of the Palais de Justice were all that remained of the Armies of Islam.

The tinkle of donkey bells announced the coming of Ahmed, the deaf peddler. The weaver by the gate of sorrows looked up into the saddened face of his friend. On the back of the donkey whose bells tinkled so merrily was the body of Omar. At once Ali knew what had happened. He gratefully grasped the arm of the deaf peddler, whose eyes were also swimming, and gently carried his beloved son to his small rooms above the shop.

As the maudhdhin mounted the steps of the gold-tinted minarets, the French ladies in the Palais de la Residence were drinking their

evening glasses of wine. The Resident General was making preparations for a ball to be held that night. In a barracks office a cool, precise French officer was writing a report.

In a weaver's shop by the Gate of Sorrows a much older man knelt on his prayer rug and faced Mecca, alone. Far into the night the click, clack of a loom could be heard through the narrow, winding streets, for tomorrow the weaver would have need of a shroud — a shroud in which to bury his son.

As the threads on that weaver's loom gradually took form, so does another pattern weave the lives of the men of Tunis. This pattern, if it is not changed, can lead only to the terrifying, the awful Jihad.

RICHARD VEECH, Decatur H. S., '53  
Helen Gorham, teacher

### THE FLY AND I

Merciless and relentless was the sun the day I took a walk in the park. I thought maybe, underneath the spreading elms, I would find relief from the blistering July day. As I sat down on one of the benches, a little house fly came dragging itself over, and collapsed on my knee. Knowing this was not unusual, since I was about to do it myself, I decided to put an end to his misery. At this moment I received the greatest shock anyone has ever had. The fly looked up at my face, winked his eye, and commented, "Terribly warm, isn't it!" After the shock wore off, and the introductions were made, we had a "nice" chat in the cool of the park. True friendship was developed, and at the end of the summer we were old buddies.

The soft and crystal-like flakes whisked to the ground on the windy November day. The first snowfall had descended, and everyone was joyous. I hadn't seen Fred, the fly, for some time, and had almost forgotten him. Since it was nearing Thanksgiving, I had turkey on my mind, with no room for Fred. I had at first seriously thought of going to a psychiatrist, but gradually the emotional experiences were wearing away. I was facing the blizzard-like storm, now, when I heard a voice in my ear commenting, "Terribly cold, isn't it!" Calming my nerves and collecting myself, I headed for the park hoping no one had seen me. We sputtered around awhile until I relaxed, then related stories of our daily happenings since last we had met.

Everything would have been splendid if a doctor hadn't seen and heard me. Since he didn't know me, I next encountered a

week in a padded cell with bars on the window. I behaved myself accordingly; therefore, I was released after a week and two days of good solid "alibiing."

It was certainly good to be home. Christmas was soon approaching, and our family was invited to my aunt's for Christmas dinner. Everything was working smoothly, and I never felt better. I happened to glance down at my knee and quickly closed my eyes, held my breath, and counted to ten. There was Fred! He cocked his head, winked his eye, and commented, "A lovely time of the year, isn't it!"

LOIS STRANG, East H. S., Rockford, '54  
Edith W. Lawson, teacher

### ONE MINUTE UNDER WATER

"And I say you can," protested Betty.

"Go ahead and try it," interrupted Jane. "You know you can do it."

The three of us were standing on the diving raft at our private swimming beach. Because of high water the raft was covered with water and rather slippery. Indeed, it was not the safest place which could be found and yet I know of many "swimming holes" which couldn't even be compared for safety.

We were all good swimmers and liked to dive. At the present I had been nominated and elected to be the first to try a forward one-and-one-half flip, or in other words a somersault and a half in the air before hitting the water.

I felt strange all over. This would be the first time that any of us had tried this dive, and it isn't considered easy. I didn't want to do it, but something made me slowly ascend the few steps to our regular specialty, the three meter spring-board. As I made my way to the end of the board, I felt myself shaking with fear, or maybe excitement. I stood there staring into the cool, calm water. It had never harmed any of us before. Why should I be afraid now?

I turned and walked back three good steps. I stood there, hands at my side, assuring myself that everything would be all right. I started, took three steps forward, landed perfectly on the end of the board with both feet exactly together, and I remembered — for once — to land on the balls of my feet. I made my take-off! Then in a second I tucked my chin, rolled into a "ball" and somehow turned over one and one-half times in the air. I tried to straighten out, but couldn't quite make it in time. I entered the water still partially doubled up, but for some mystifying reason I felt no pain.

The next thing I knew I was walking, or should I say sliding

across the raft. I heard Betty saying, "That was good. Why not try it again?"

She may or may not have known it, but this was exactly what I had intended to do. Once I have attempted something, it's not nearly so hard to do it again.

I stood on the diving board for a few seconds, until I caught my breath. I was very positive of myself this time — if I could do it the first time, I could do it better the second time. I started, went through the same procedure on the board, turned over one and one-half times in the air, took a deep breath, and entered the water straight as a ruler, but my arms were at my side instead of extended above my head.

As I hit the water I felt it tremendously. It made me dizzy. I realized I had gone quite deep, for I felt the pressure of the water, so I began swimming upward. However, I did not know that I was swimming on a slant and soon I touched something solid — it came to my mind that I must be under the raft, and since water was covering it, I could get no air. I was trapped! What could I do? I was not able to hold out much longer. I opened my eyes and peered into the water, but as the raft was above me it made everything dark. I knew that I would be unable to hold my breath longer than one minute, and that time was passing quickly. I tried to swim out, but I had no sense of direction under water; I was wasting valuable time. My heart beat faster, and I experienced the pressure of the water against my lungs. It was a terrible feeling. I was shaking, and this time I knew it was fear which caused it. I also knew there were only seconds left. Why couldn't I think of a solution? . . . Then I did. I felt the raft; all boards were running in the same direction. With little strength left I turned on my side. As I started the side-stroke, I used my other hand to feel my way along the boards. In this way I was certain I was continually going in the same direction. There was hope, but would I make it?

Soon I was out from under the raft, and only a few inches, maybe only one second from air. With the last ounce of strength I had, I gave one last kick, and luckily that was all I needed. My mouth was opened immediately as I gasped for air, and then I made my way to the raft.

I was under the water one minute, exactly sixty seconds! To Betty and Jane, who were gayly talking on the raft, this minute meant fun, but I can hardly say that this is what you'll find if you're "one minute under water" for the first time.

MARY MARGARET WHITE, Alleman H. S., '56  
Sister Mary Ignatius, CHM, teacher

## LITTLE CHERUB

The Little Cherub swung back and forth on the Pearly Gates. Saint Peter wasn't in sight. If he had been, the Little Cherub couldn't indulge in this pastime. Saint Peter could be very fussy at times.

The Little Cherub was a mess. Her hair was tossed and rumpled, her robe was torn, and her face and hands were slightly discolored from playing with rainbows. The Little Cherub was thinking very hard; and the harder she thought, the harder she swung.

Finally, she swung so hard that she fell off the Gate and was about to hurl through space when someone jerked her up by the end of her robe. The Little Cherub found herself looking into the stern face of Saint Peter.

"Well," said Saint Peter, "what do you have to say for yourself?"

The Little Cherub just sucked on her thumb. This was very touching, but Saint Peter couldn't let this deed go unnoticed.

"What would the others think if I swung on those Gates?" he asked.

The Little Cherub hid her face behind her grimy little hands.

"Look at your robe," exclaimed Saint Peter. "It's torn! Your hair is a mess and your face and hands are dirty."

The Little Cherub began to cry and Saint Peter relented. He tried to calm her, but she cried all the harder. When he finally succeeded in quieting her down, he had a little talk with her.

"You've been bothering me by swinging on these gates ever since you've been here. Can't you find something else to do?" he asked.

The Little Cherub shook her head. "I didn't graduate yet to the Angel rank, and that's where all my friends are now," she said. "I'm the oldest little cherub here and nobody wants to play with me. I haven't even got my wings and halo yet!"

"Well," said Saint Peter, "you'd better hurry up and graduate."

"Oh, I'm trying hard," said the Little Cherub, "but in between times I get awfully bored. And no one wants to help me graduate. I don't think anyone cares what happens to me."

"I wouldn't know how to help you graduate," said Saint Peter, "but I have an idea to fill up your spare time and keep you off my Gate. How about harp lessons?"

"No," murmured the Little Cherub, "I tried. I broke three strings, so David said to come back in a few thousand years when I'm bigger."

Saint Peter thought hard. "Well," he said, "how about lyre lessons from Nero? He's reformed now."

"I tried," stated the Little Cherub. "I broke four strings on his lyre, and he said he'd appreciate it if I'd wait for lessons until I'm a few thousand years older."

"Humm — well, can't have you swinging on these Gates." He began to think very hard. "I just can't think of what you could do," he said at last.

"I think best when I swing on the gates," said the Little Cherub, and she started to climb up on them.

Saint Peter looked disgusted for a moment, but then he said, "You know, in all the centuries that I've been Keeper of the Gates I've never once swung on them." He glanced around quickly and then said, "No one is in sight! Good! But remember, I don't intend to make a habit of this. This is an emergency." So, Saint Peter climbed slowly up to the top of the large Gate, and he and the Little Cherub began to swing slowly back and forth. At last Saint Peter said, "Have you tried trumpet lessons, yet?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "Only Gabriel, the Archangel, knows how, and he's so-o-o- important."

"Perhaps he would do it as a favor. Let's go and find out."

"Are you going to leave the gates unwatched *again?*" asked the Little Cherub.

"Humm — I hadn't thought of that," said Saint Peter. "You'll have to go by yourself."

"Then he'd never see me, because I'm not important enough," wailed the Little Cherub. "I'm not important enough for *anybody* to see me."

"It doesn't work that way," said Saint Peter. "Gabriel would like to see everyone because he is a fair and just man; but because he is so very busy, he can only see the people with whom he does business. I guess I'll write you a note for him."

The Little Cherub rocked on her heels while Saint Peter wrote a long letter to Gabriel. At last Saint Peter said, "There! It's finished! Now while the ink dries you can go and wash up. Comb your hair, too, for it looks like a haystack."

The Little Cherub grabbed the letter and rushed for the nearest rain cloud to wash in. However, in her haste she didn't do a thorough job, and when she demurely started for the Celestial Chambers of Gabriel, her face was striped like a zebra's.

When she arrived at her destination, she was greeted by an angel, one of Gabriel's attendants.

"Yes?" she asked. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to see Gabriel," answered the Little Cherub.

"Gabriel has no time for little cherubs," said the Angel, briskly.  
"That's not what Saint Peter said," retorted the Little Cherub.  
"He said —"

"Oh, Saint Peter sent you? That's a different story. Come in." The Angel led the Little Cherub into a large room and said, "Sit down, but don't touch a thing. If your hands are as dirty as your face is, I'd have to clean again."

The Little Cherub began to wish she had taken more pains with her washing.

"Now, what do you want to see Gabriel about?" continued the Angel.

"I have a letter for him," said the Little Cherub.

"Oh, is that all?" said the Angel. "Well, just leave it here and you may go."

"I have to wait for an answer," said the Little Cherub, miserably. She was wondering how this angel ever got into Heaven. "I guess maybe Saint Peter slipped up," she thought.

"Give the letter to me, then. I'll give it to Gabriel," said the Angel. "Wait here."

The Little Cherub sat in her chair and waited and waited. At last she saw Gabriel coming. "Are you the little cherub who brought me the note from Saint Peter?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the Little Cherub, growing red.

"I am Gabriel. I understand you wish to take trumpet lessons," he said. "Do you think you could handle it?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the Little Cherub.

"Well," said Gabriel, "I don't know. From what I've heard, you're not very good at taking care of instruments."

"But I'd be careful."

"I'm awfully busy right now. How about later?" he said.

"How much later?" asked the Little Cherub in a small voice.

"Well, how about a few centuries from — say! You aren't crying, are you?" said Gabriel.

The Little Cherub began to cry very hard. "Nobody lets me do anything!" she sobbed. "I get so lonely. There's nothing for me to do, and no one wants me. Nobody likes me, or is nice to me, or anything! Everyone just wants to forget I'm here." She began to cry harder.

Gabriel looked uncomfortable. He couldn't stand tears. He picked up the Little Cherub and carried her to his study.

"Now dry your tears," he said. "I'll teach you to play if it takes decades."

He picked up a trumpet — not the one *he* used, of course, — and said, "Here. Blow hard!"

The Little Cherub put it up to her lips. "Phatraal! Foof!"

"Stop! Stop!" shouted Gabriel. "This is the way to do it." He put the trumpet to his lips and softly blew some airy notes.

"Oh," cried the Little Cherub with ecstasy. "I can do it that way, too."

Gabriel looked a little dubious, but he gave the trumpet to her. "Oompha! Oompha!" cried the trumpet.

"Stop!" shouted Gabriel. "This is not a tuba!" His musical ear was hurt. "I see we'll have to start from scratch."

So the Little Cherub began her music lessons that very day. And that very day reports rolled in from all over Heaven.

David reported, "All my lovely harp music is being drowned out. This noise has to stop!"

Nero reported, "All my lovely lyre music is being lost in that racket."

Other angels said, "The noise is terrible! No one is able to think clearly."

And the head stork told Gabriel that all the little babies that hadn't been sent down to earth yet couldn't sleep because of the ungodly racket.

Gabriel was becoming worried. The Little Cherub was no better now than when she took her first lesson. Finally he said to her, "My dear, I'm sorry, but I can't let you continue playing the trumpet. There have been too many complaints about it."

The Little Cherub hung her head very low. "I tried ever so hard," she murmured.

"I know you did," said Gabriel kindly, "but there hasn't been any improvement. We'd better give it up."

"No!" wailed the Little Cherub. "I won't have anything to do then. And I'll be lonely all over again. Doesn't *anybody* want to let me do *anything*?"

"Perhaps I can find something for you to do," said Gabriel.

"Saint Peter's only idea was you," remarked the Little Cherub.

"Now there's an idea!" exclaimed Gabriel. "We'll see if Saint Peter has any more suggestions."

So hand and hand they went to see Saint Peter. They found him swinging on the Pearly Gates. He looked very sheepish and grew very red when they caught him. After Saint Peter had murmured a few excuses, Gabriel came to the point of their visit.

"Saint Peter," he said, "trying to teach this Little Cherub to play

the trumpet is impossible! Do you have any other suggestions as to what she can do?"

"Well," said Saint Peter, "can't say as I do, right off hand." He lowered his voice. "Come up and swing on the Pearly Gates," he whispered. "That always helps a person think."

"Well, really!" exclaimed Gabriel.

"Now, now, come on," said Saint Peter. So Gabriel was persuaded to climb up on the Pearly Gates and the three swung back and forth.

"She really does present quite a problem," said Gabriel, so low that only Saint Peter could hear him. "I really think something should be done. Everyone seems to have forgotten her."

"I get that impression, too," whispered Saint Peter. "And I don't believe she's the only one that's forgotten. I think there are others that are shoved aside, too, both in Heaven and on Earth."

They swung silently for a while. Gabriel shifted into a more comfortable position and rubbed his halo nervously. He had to think of something. They rocked harder and harder. Finally, Gabriel gave the Gate an extra violent shove and said, "I've got it! This thirteenth swing has given me an idea!"

"What?" exclaimed Saint Peter and the Little Cherub.

Gabriel began to talk to Saint Peter in low tones. The Little Cherub drummed her heels against the Gate. There seemed to be *so much* that wasn't for little ears!

Saint Peter was nodding his head up and down and growing more excited by the minute. Gabriel was explaining his idea. "God once gave a gift to people who thought they were forgotten," he said. "And now they think they're forgotten again."

Saint Peter exclaimed, "Yes, but —"

"Don't interrupt," said Gabriel, impatiently, "Now, why don't we see that these people get gifts every year on —"

"On the same day God gave His gift," Saint Peter broke in.

Gabriel looked disgusted. Saint Peter had stolen his punch line. "Well, yes," he grudgingly conceded, "that's what I had in mind."

"What a wonderful idea *we* thought of," said Saint Peter, laying a slight emphasis on the *we*. "Let's get started on it right away." He jumped off the Gate and Gabriel quickly followed him. Together they both set off across the clouds.

The Little Cherub blinked her eyes very fast to keep from crying. Had she been forgotten again? She tumbled down off the Gate and hurried after them as fast as her chubby little legs would carry her. "Hey, wait for me," she panted. She grabbed hold of Gabriel's robe and tugged hard. "Did you forget about me again?"

Gabriel looked embarrassed. "That's what happens from rubbing my halo so hard," he said. "I become so forgetful." He picked the Little Cherub up in his arms. "I think you'll be the ideal person to work on our plan," he said.

"What plan?" asked the Little Cherub.

Saint Peter hurriedly explained. The Little Cherub looked bewildered. "I don't understand," she said.

Saint Peter became a wee bit impatient. "I don't think that you're the only one in Heaven that's forgotten, do you?" he asked quietly.

"No," said the Little Cherub slowly.

"Then you're not the only one we should help," said Saint Peter firmly. "Now our plan is to remember forgotten people every year on the birthday of Christ. Christ was God's gift to forgotten people. Now, do you understand?"

"Huh?" The Little Cherub's face plainly showed her confusion.

Saint Peter muttered something about thick skulls. With a great deal of effort he gathered up his dignity and began again — this time with Gabriel's help.

Finally the Little Cherub understood. She timidly nodded her head in agreement.

And before long, on the anniversary of the birthday of Christ, people started sending Christmas cards and presents to people they had forgotten during the year. They also thought it was a pretty good idea to send remembrances to the people they loved and didn't want to forget.

After much discussion the Angels decided the Little Cherub could be chief model for Christmas cards and wrappings. This, of course, made her very happy until she found out that one had to be fairly clean for the job. So once again the silence in Heaven was broken by cries of rebellion as snarls were untangled, three months of dirt was washed off, and a new robe was fitted. The Angels who employed these strong-arm methods pronounced the final effect quite pleasing, and the Little Cherub was forced to admit that she looked rather well on the cards and wrappings.

And just so she wouldn't forget the little she knew about playing the trumpet, the Little Cherub was allowed to blow her horn three times a day to call the angels to meals.

Saint Peter still swings on the Pearly Gates when no one is looking, and once in a while Gabriel can be found swinging with him.

JACQUELYN GERHARDT, York Comm. H. S., Elmhurst, '53  
Eleanor A. Davis, teacher

### HONORABLE MENTION

- Bloomington: "Journey to the Moon — Impossible?" by David Jenkins (May English); "On Being Tall," by Dorothy De Vary (Lorraine Kraft); "The Automobile," by Dick Haeffele (Helen Maloney).
- Canton: "The Sandie Kid's Adventure," by Sandra O'Brien (Orpha Stutsman).
- Carlinville: "Mood During a Beautiful Sunset," by Bob Baumann (Mary Thackaberry).
- Chicago (Sacred Heart H. S.): "Alcohol Speaks to Us," by Mary Ann Fundarek, "Ghosts Incorporated," by Lois Gorman, and "The Strangers," by Alla Sauch (Sister Mary Andrea).
- Chicago (Sabin Branch, Tuley H. S.): "Two Wonderful People," by Joe Sue Wallenmeyer (Margaret A. King).
- Chicago (Visitation H. S.): "At Least to Themselves," by Carol Dapogny, and "My Christmas Behind the Iron Curtain," by Meiluté Tapulionis (S. M. Amanda).
- Chicago Heights (Bloom Twp. H. S.): "Shooting Star," by Robert Lee (Ethel Mellinger); "An Essay on Security," by Mabel Owens (Florence Wallace); and Review of Page's "The Tree of Liberty," by Karin Swanson (Sara Fernald).
- Cicero (J. Sterling Morton H. S.): "Journey," by Jarol Tetrov (Marjorie Diez); "Rain Puddles," by Carol Jedlicka (Robert S. Lundgren).
- Decatur: "The Longest Mile," by Gilbert Mains (Lucile Andrews); "Spread Like Wild Fire," by Carolyn Pursell (Ruth Carson); "The Chef," by Connie DeMarr (Thelma Franklin); "Doubtful Night," by Carol Chandler (Georgia Mitchell); "A Wish from the Nearsighted," by Jane Lombard (Celia Spiegel); "Turkey Dinner," by Darryl B. Smith (Helen Stapp); "Ah, Ambition!" by Bebe C. Bowers (Robert Williams); "Underground Activity," by Shirley Clifford (Eleanor Wyne).
- DeKalb: "Our American Heritage," by Richard F. Mull (Louise Nelson).
- Elgin: "Carol," by Judy Fischer, and "Grandstand Athlete," by Frances Werner (Betty Rupp).
- Elmhurst (York Comm. H. S.): "The Part," by Sharon White (Eleanor A. Davis).
- Evanston: "Death Train," by Peter Pflaum (Edith Baumann); "Jose Greco's Ballet," by Fran Sweeney (C. W. Hach); "Time," by Gretchen Leizell, and "Closed Experiment," by Martin Tangora (Mary L. Taft); "Reflections on Christmas Eve," by

- Earl Brody (S. Mildred Wright); "Family Faces," by Bruce Julien (Helen Montgomery).
- Glen Ellyn (Glenbard Twp. H. S.): "Christmas Heritage," by Nancy Guess, and "Dem Bones," by John Reynolds (Helen McConnell).
- Golconda: "Shopping," by Carolyn L. Gard (Lois Smith).
- Harvard: "The World of Music," by Marilyn Fardig (Margaret Broderick).
- Jacksonville: "Too Tired," by Norma Jo Fisher (Emma Mae Leonhard).
- Manito (Forman H. S.): "If I Were a Teacher of English," by Eloise Wahlfeld (Ferne Lawlis).
- Marengo: "All in a Day's Work," by Shirley Kubly, and "The Mistake," by Judy Locke (Helen Tipps).
- Melvin (Melvin-Sibley H. S.): "Modern Shakespeare," by Beverly Moore (Joan Walter).
- Moline: "Crossroads," by Jeanne Johnson, and "Snow," by Sally Youngren (Bess Barnett); "Noises," by John Hubbard (Clara Carlson); "Wee Willy Flaptail," by Bruce Hills (Marjorie K. Hendee).
- Naperville: "The Onset," by Ralph Dichtl (Leona McBride); "An Unforgettable Experience," and "Review of *The Little Prince*," by Pamela Huth (Dorothy Scroggie); "The Proud Parent," by Lynn Fox, and "The Effect of an Argument," by Janet Pepiot (Laura Wolverton).
- Normal (University H. S.): "In This Country," by Shirley Nix (Grace Hiler).
- Ottawa: "Problems," by Phyllis Press, and "Sweetheart of the Circus," by Gloria Stibal (Isabella Sanders).
- Park Ridge (Maine Twp. H. S.): "Legs," by Jim Stott (Anne Lauterbach); "The Keystone to Freedom," by Barbara Watkins (W. T. Ludolph); "Inasmuch as Ye . . ." by David Carl, and "Exodus," by Sally Young (Paulene M. Yates).
- Pekin: "Nothing Common About Us!" by Marge Garman (Bernice W. Falkin).
- Peoria: "Red," by Pam Hewitt, and "Delilah," by Gregory M. Holland (Emily Rice).
- Princeton: "The Bostonians," by Gwen Marks (Barbara Sloan).
- Rockford (East H. S.): "One Year from Today," by LaVerne Christofferson, and "Adventure Through Loneliness," by Peggy Hood (Adele Johnson); "Recipe for Relaxation," by Lois Johnson (Edith W. Lawson); "Retrospect," by Janet Stevenson, and "Goodwill," by Joanne Jackson (Edna Youngquist).

Rockford (West H. S.): "The Men Who Die," by Dick Harrington (B. Vincent); "Romeo, Romeo —," by Marjorie Liddle, and "Summer Interlude," by Nancy Wormley (Maude E. Weinschenk).

Rock Island (Alleman H. S.): "The Best Laid Schemes —," by John Dunbar and "The Virtues of Idleness," by Paul Fischer (Sr. Louise); "A Letter to Mom," by Sharon McCarthy (Sr. Loyola); "The Big Game," by Ellyn Pingel (Sr. Mary Amata); "Is Winning Necessary?" by James DeWulf (Sr. Mary Borgia); "Fear," by James Cirivello (Sr. Mary Ignatius); "The Doodlebugs," by Jim Kuhn, and "The Symphony," by Ron Weitlispach (Sr. M. Margaret); "Little Joe," by Marion Rockwell (Sr. Mary St. Majella).

Sycamore: "A Snow Lesson," by Marlene Buettell, and "It's Our Country, Yours and Mine," by J. Terry Ernest (Margaret Adams).

Wilmington: "God Smiles on Americans," by William C. Wright (Esther Butler).

### REVISION OF BOOKS WE LIKE

Twenty-two English teacher-librarian teams in the same number of high schools in the state have launched the curriculum project of revising the list of books selected and annotated by pupils. The previous edition, now being revised, appeared in 1942 and attracted nationwide interest.

Work in the classrooms and libraries of the twenty-two schools has been so organized that by April 1, 1953, all entries will have been submitted to the central curriculum committee, which will then begin compiling the final list of books. Publication in the fall is anticipated.

Cooperation between the Illinois Association of Teachers of English and the Illinois Association of School Librarians is assuring the success of the project. The following persons constitute the central committee: Margaret Glenn, Librarian, Champaign H. S.; Grace Wiley, Teacher of English, Champaign H. S.; Alice Fedder, Librarian, University H. S., Urbana; Lenna Schwabe, Librarian, Urbana H. S.; Stanley Hynes, Teacher of English, Urbana H. S.; Alice Lohrer, Assistant Professor of Library Science, U. of Ill.; George Scouffas, Assistant Professor of English, U. of Ill.; Liesette J. McHarry, Associate Professor of Education, U. of Ill., Chairman.

**DATES FOR YOUR CALENDAR**

The annual spring business meeting of the Illinois Association of Teachers of English will be held March 21 in the tearoom of Carson, Pirie, Scott, and Company, State Street, Chicago. The meeting will begin at 9:30 a.m. All officers and district leaders are urged to attend, and all members are welcome. Following the business meeting, we shall have lunch at Carson's with the English Club of Greater Chicago, with a featured talk on "Writing and Editing for Women," by a member of the Chicago *Tribune* staff. Please notify Alice Grant, Frankfort Community H. S., West Frankfort, Illinois, *before March 10* if you plan to attend.

The Midwest English Conference, composed of high school and college teachers from the Midwest area, will hold its annual meeting at Northern Illinois State Teachers College, DeKalb, on April 10 and 11. Dr. Claude M. Fuess will be the chief speaker. All English teachers are invited.